"RED RIDING HOOD": An early nineteenth-century versified English version
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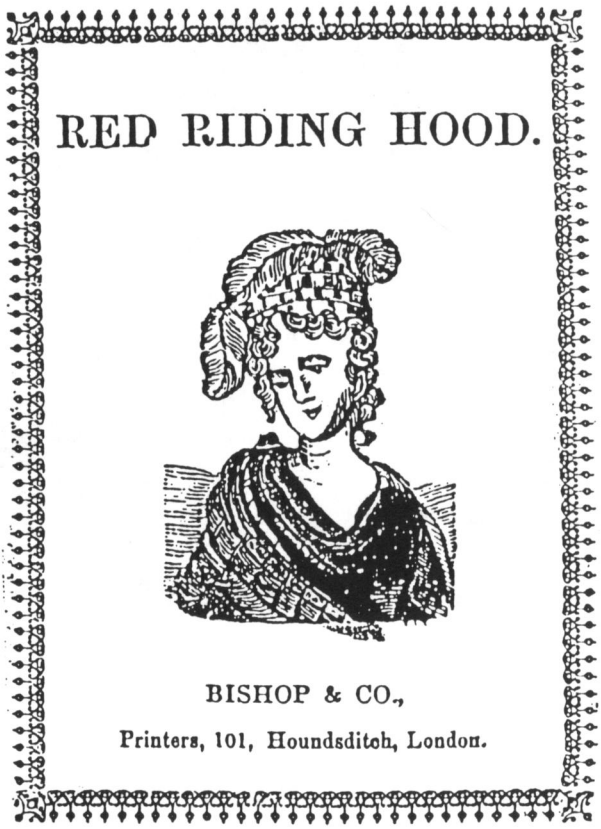
"RED RIDING HOOD"

An early nineteenth-century
versified English version

Courtesy Professor Michael J. Preston
University of Colorado



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RED RIDING HOOD.

In a little thatched cot, by
the side of a wood,
Liv'd an innocent lass, Little
Red Riding Hood.
You'd scarce find her equal
the neighbours all say,
So kind and obedient, so
cheerful and gay.

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One day this young lass
To her Grandma was sent,
A nice pot of Butter
To her to present;
Besides a Cheesecake,
And a new loaf of Bread,
For Grandma was ill,
And confin'd to her bed.

But her Mother, before
She set out on her way,
Charged her not on the road
To loiter or play:
This charge she neglected,
And rambled for hours,
To gather Primroses,
And other wild flowers.

So she wander'd about,
Till the close of the day,
When a wicked old Wolf
Came prowling that way.

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He enquired her errand,
She soon let him know;
Ah! silly young creature,
Why did you do so?
Away ran the Wolf,
While his heart d'd rejoice,
And he knock'd at the door
And spoke in feign'd voice;

The Old Dame, who for
Her grandaughter did watch,
Cried, pull up the bobbin,
'Twill open the latch.

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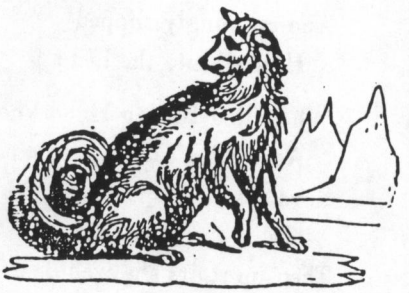

So he open'd the door,
Ran up stairs with speed,
Poor Grandmamma was
Much frighten'd indeed.

But he tore her to pieces,
Oh! merciless beast,
To make of a poor
Harmless Lady a feast.

Then he put the old lady's
Nightcap on his head,

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And cunningly slipped
Himself into the bed;

When Red Riding Hood knocked,
As she'd oft done before;
Says the Wolf, pull the bobbin,
'Twill open the door.
Then up stairs she went,
And was struck with surprise,

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When she saw his teeth,
And his great gogle eyes;
She would have cried out,
But at her he flew,
And tore her to pieces,
And ate her up too.

Little girls and boys—you see by this pretty story, that when sent on an errand you should never loiter on the way, for if you do, you are sure to get into disgrace.

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